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Brentano's, Fifth Ave. and 27th St.
William R. Jenkins, 851 Sixth Ave.
Powell's Art Gallery, 983 Sixth Ave.
R. W. Crothers, 122 East 19th St.
(Irving Place)
A. Kassof, 3 Greenwich Ave.
Charles Zito, 179 Columbus Ave.

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American Express Co. 11 Rue Scribe
Munroe et Cie 7 Rue Scribe
Student Hostel 93 Boulevard Saint-Michel
The American Art Students' Club 4 rue de Chevreuse
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Advice as to the placing at public or
private sale of art work of all kinds, pic-
tures, sculptures, furniture, bibelots, etc.,
will be given at the office of the AMERICAN
ART NEWS, and also counsel as to the value
of art works and the obtaining of the best
"expert" opinion on the same. For these
services a nominal fee will be charged. Per-
sons having art works and desirous of dis-
posing or obtaining an idea of their value
will find our service on these lines a saving
of time, and, in many instances of unneces-
sary expense. It is guaranteed that any
opinion given will be so given without re-
gard to personal or commercial motives.

BUREAU OF APPRAISAL.

We are so frequently called upon to pass
upon the value of art works for collectors
and estates, for the purpose of insurance,
sale, or more especially to determine
whether prior appraisals made to fix the
amount due under the inheritance or death
taxes are just and correct ones—and so
often find that such former appraisals have
been made by persons not qualified by ex-
perience or knowledge of art quality or
market values, with resultant deception and
often overpayments of taxes, etc.—that we
suggest to all collectors and executors the
advisability of consulting our Bureau of
Appraisal either in the first place or for
revision of other appraisals. This Bureau is
conducted by persons in every way qualified
by experience and study of art works for
many years, and especially of market values,
both here and abroad; our appraisals are
made without regard to anything but quality
and values, and our charges are moderate—
our chief desire being to save our patrons
and the public from ignorant, needless and
costly appraisal expenditure.

ART SALE RECORDS.

Collectors, dealers and other interested
are reminded that the first two numbers of
Sales of the Year for 1915, in pamphlet form,
are still on sale at the AMERICAN ART NEWS
office, 15 East 40 St., at 25 cents each, post-
age prepaid. No. 1, the Brayton Ives Col-
lection of Prints, and No. 2, the Blakeslee
and Duveen Pictures Sales. The first of
the series for 1916, No. 3, the Reisinger,
Andrews-Canfield, and the Catholina Lam-
bert Picture Sales, is now ready.

AMERICAN PICTURES APPRECIATE

The picture auctions of the season—
while not markedly successful thus far
in the matter of prices and the bring-
ing out of new collectors, have had one
most gratifying feature—namely, the
rise in values and consequent apprecia-
tion, of American pictures.

Not only have most of the pictures
by early and modern American artists
offered at auction since December last,
brought good to unprecedentedly high
prices, but they have more than held
their own with old and modern foreign
works and in some sales, notably the
Lambert, surpassed the figures brought
by the latter.

A landscape by George Inness
brought the highest figure, \$3,050, at
the recent John Anderson, Jr., sale at
the Plaza, while the almost sensational
prices obtained for the Blakelocks, no-
tably the \$20,000 for the "Moonlight,"
at the Lambert sale, has resulted in a
veritable boom for the insane artist's
works.

Good examples of such painters as
J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, and
of course Inness, Martin and Homer,
have passed most of those paid for for-
eign pictures. At private sale the same
story has been told. Winslow Homer's
"The Gale," was sold for the record
price, for an American picture, of \$30,-
000 the other day to the Worcester
Museum, and three examples of Gil-
bert Stuart and several of Sully have
brought exceptional figures of late.

To what is this deserved rise in the
value of American pictures due? Some
argue that the war has brought it
about. We are of the opinion that while
the attention of American art lovers
and collectors may have been diverted,
to some extent, to home products in art
as in other lines, by the war, and they
were thus enabled to form the acquaint-
ance of American pictures—this does
not itself sufficiently account for their
rise in value. We firmly believe that
American pictures, especially of the
safe and sane school, have finally won
recognition on their own merits.

OBITUARY.

S. Jerome Uhl, Sr.

S. Jerome Uhl, Sr. died Wed. at his home
in Cincinnati at the age of 74. He exhibited
in the Paris Salon a number of years ago
and works from his brush are in the Capitol
in Washington and the State building at
Columbus, Ohio.

Nelson S. Bowdish.

Nelson S. Bowdish, a landscape painter,
died Apr. 3 at Skaneateles, N. Y., in his
85th year. He was a veteran of the Civil
War and born at New Lisbon, Otsego Co.
He leaves a daughter and son.

Robert Burns Wilson.

Robert Burns Wilson, painter and poet, a
studio mate at Pittsburg of the late Nat'l
Academy President, John W. Alexander,
died Mar. 31, in St. John's Hospital, Brook-
lyn, at the age of 65. He was born at Park-
er, Pa. Alexander and Wilson made a trip one
summer down the Ohio and on their boat
being wrecked near Paducah, the latter
settled in Kentucky, at Frankfort, remaining
there for nearly 30 years. While in the South
the artist painted "Ashes of Roses" and a
"Head of Christ," which attracted consid-
erable attention. Other works are "Little Bo-
Peep," "Winter Sunset Gloaming" and "The
Spirit of Indian Summer." Besides a num-
ber of portraits, including one of Mr. Henry
Watterson, the artist produced marines and
animal pictures. In addition to poetic con-
tributions to the Century, Harper's, and the
Atlantic, Mr. Wilson published two volumes
of verse "Life and Love," which appeared a

quarter of a century ago, and "The Shadows
of the Trees." He is survived by a widow,
who was Miss Anne Hendrick, and a
daughter.

Enoch Rosekrans Vedder.

Enoch Rosekrans Vedder, architect, son
of the well known painter, Elihu Vedder,
who has long had a studio in Rome, died
in that city of an affection of the brain on
Apr. 2. His widow, Mrs. Angela Reston
Vedder, is now on her way to Italy. Mr.
Vedder was born in Rome in 1878, studied
architecture in Paris and later in Boston.
Nearly ten years ago he began the practice
of his profession in N. Y. In 1914 he suf-
fered a nervous breakdown and went abroad
last December.

Jeremiah D. McAuliffe.

Jeremiah D. McAuliffe, an architect for
the Board of Education and a member of
the American Institute of Architects died
in N. Y., Apr. 7, in his 55th year. He was
born in Hartford, Conn., and is survived by
a widow.

Charles M. Wemmell.

Charles M. Wemmell, known as an artist
and collector, died in Brooklyn, Mar. 31, in
his 77th year. He was born in this city and
at the opening of the Civil War enlisted in
the 71st Regiment of New York volunteers.

John Ley.

John Ley of Racine, Wis., who painted a
life size portrait of Bishop Nicholson, ended
his life in his studio by swallowing cyanide
of potassium. He was 40 years old and
studied in the Royal Art gallery in Copen-
hagen.

CORRESPONDENCE

Academician on Blakelock Case.

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir,
I would be the last to decry the sincerity
of some of those good people, who, even
if belatedly, have rallied to the relief and
support of that eminent painter Ralph A.
Blakelock, nor am I in any way insensible
to his great ability nor unsympathetic to his
sad life history and his present needs, which
bid fair to be well met. But I do not like
the hypocrisy of others who have evidently
apparently seized upon this opportunity,
suddenly afforded through the rise in value
of Blakelock's works, through a sensational
high sale figure—to exploit themselves and
their twenty years' late sorrow for the ar-
tist and his family and some of whom again
doubtless have Blakelocks to sell.
Why have not the collectors who pur-
chased Blakelocks for a song and who can
now unload at great profit interested them-
selves in the artist's case all these years?
Why these maudlin tears now? Does it
need insanity in the case of an American
artist, as it seemingly does a racy divorce
suit or jewels of fabulous price, stolen, for
an American actress to gain a name—to
touch the hearts and unloose the purses of
American art lovers and collectors? If so
must American artists of recognized ability
and performance be declared insane and
consequently have to make sensational copy
for the press—to come into their own?

Yours truly,
Academician.

New York, April 17, 1916.

Department Stores and Blakelock.

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir,
And now the Department Stores are
roused to aid the veteran artist Blakelock.
How touching! One offers an overcoat—
another a hat, while still another promises
to keep him shod the remainder of his days.
How about his apparently hatless, coatless
and shoeless condition these past eighteen
years? Have his wife and children been
shod and clothed and hatted? Oh the uses
of advertising! What does the Artists Fund
Society, which for some time past has been
quietly and unostentatiously sending month-
ly contributions to the family of their dis-
abled brother artist, think of it all?

Anti-Hypocrisy.

New York, April 16, 1916.

Chicago and September Morn.

Editor AMERICAN ART NEWS:

Dear Sir: Twice recently you have con-
nected the hanging of Kendall's "Sphinx"
at the annual American exhibition held
at the Chicago Art Institute last No-
vember, with the treatment accorded by
Chicago to Chabas' "September Morn."
Without attempting to discuss the merits
or demerits of Kendall's painting, may I
suggest that the Chicago, which "shied" at
September Morn, was not the Art Institute,
but a 6-foot "copper" of Irish extraction,

who objected to a display of artistic nudity
in a shop window on one of Chicago's
busiest corners.

While the reproduction of Cabas' paint-
ing was on display in this window, a half
dozen youngsters were always hanging
about. It has been shrewdly surmised that
some one interested in the sale of the prints
may have had to do both with assembling
the crowd of daily onlookers and with re-
porting conditions to the police, thereby
securing a very effective bit of advertising.
Two printing establishments are reported to
have worked overtime in running off
sufficient prints of "September Morn" to
supply the demand.

Respectfully Yours,

Chicago, April 12, 1916.

C. H. H.

A BOSTON ART SAGE MUSES.

No Zeppelin that flew over Paris or Lon-
don ever created any more excitement than
that which affected the artistic heart of
"dear old Boston," when it was found that
that the Art Museum had bought a Haw-
thorne! This news has circulated with
bated breath, and not believed at first, but
when it was found that the work had been
purchased through dealers (none other
than the Messrs. Vose) and it was rumored
that a majority of the trustees thought it
was by the famous author, long since dead,
then it was easily understood. The surpris-
ing fact is that the trustees actually bought
the canvas for "Cold Roast Boston," as dear
old Tom Appleton, of blessed memory,
called it, prefers amateur work by mem-
bers of the "best" families.

"Yes, my deah! Wonderful talent, is it
not? Her grandmother married a Mt. Ver-
non Pinkney, the one who went to Eng-
land with Copley—yes, yes, he did die of
drink, but it was quite the thing at that
time, my deah. Everybody drank hard. No,
my deah, they do not live together, who
does in these days—the family temper you
know, of course, we make allowances. But
did you ever see such color?" "Muddy?"
"Oh, my deah, temperament—temperament
—" "The arm out of drawing?" "Ree-ally;
perhaps—perhaps, but you know the deah
girl has so much feeling; only people with
such blood in their veins could do such
things without a master. Positively no in-
struction, I assure you, my deah!" "Better
if she had?" "Oh, my deah, you do not real-
ize—the good old Bowdoin blood, you
know," etc., etc., etc. Such conversations
are often overheard in local galleries here,
ad nauseam.

And Boston's best, some of them at least,
really think that they know it all.

But there is a glorious lot of humbug in it,
as is proved by a few of the very rich get-
ting together and guaranteeing a couple of
hundred thousand, and the promise of a
third, if all went well, to get the curator of
prints from the Louvre to come over and act
as a buyer of pictures! And he certainly did
act! After a while their eyes were opened,
but not until he had bought some pretty
rotten old stuff. Contemporary art has a
pretty hard road to hoe at the Museum, and
when it was announced that the Guild of
Boston Artists had been invited to hold an
exhibition there, all those who were not in
the Guild got upon their hind legs and howl-
ed, not realizing that it was an entering
wedge to get something alive into the Mau-
soleum.

The reason for the exclusion of contem-
porary art no one knows. The Museum of
Fine Arts, its trustees, subscribers, and
patrons, know nothing by demonstration of
the work of the new men of N. Y., Phila-
delphia, Chicago, or the great middle west.
Never has there been held within its walls
before now, an exhibition of contemporary
art. A few years ago an abortive attempt
was made to have a show of the works of
Boston artists, but the jury, or committee of
selection made such a botch of it, and the
hanging committee showed such favoritism,
that any other project of the kind was killed
for some time.

Speaking of that, and other hanging com-
mittees, why, in the name of common sense,
should there be a sign upon the storm
door of the Fine Arts Galleries in New
York which reads "Pull"? Why advertise
it? "It is all very well to dissemble your
love, but why need you kick me down
stairs?"

The Art Club exhibition here is disap-
pointing. There are a few fine pictures, a
lot of mediocre, and a few bad ones. And
who can explain the selections of the jury of
award? But then who ever can? Why
leave out Yarrow's beautiful portrait, to say
nothing of several landscapes? But, as the
skunk said to the automobile: "Oh, what's
the use?" It is a thankless task and no
one is ever satisfied. The wisest thing to
do is to drop awards and let pictures hang
on their merits, for on their merits they will
eventually live or die. No medal or award
ever made a picture or an artist great, al-
though it may help the sale of his pictures
at the time. Time alone tells the story.
Boston, Mar. 29, 1916. "Veritas."